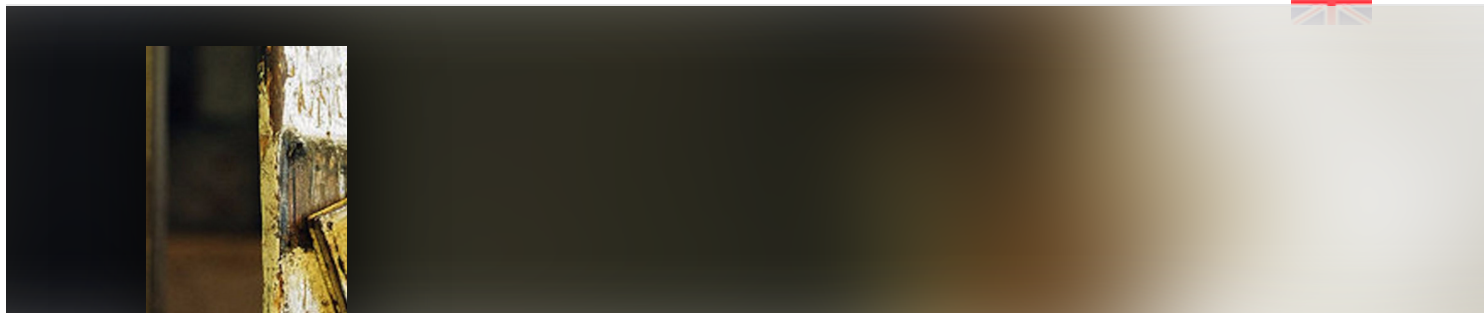




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broken door



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Chapter 1 by Uneven Geek

I stared at the staircase that led to a room in my house. A room I was allowed no where near. The room that was in the oldest and darkest area of my home. A room, I was dared to go into at a sleep over.

"Here is a flashlight and a camera." Kris handed me a cold silver flashlight with a white grip , that was the only working flashlight we could find.

"You know you can always tell us your crush instead."Fred explained giving me a mischievous smile. But his deep brown eyes told otherwise, as if he was even alittle worried for me.

"No, I think I can do this," I tried to conceal what I really felt. I was terrified. I remember my mother told me,

"Sweetie, you don't want to go up there. Before I could even open the door I heard a terrifying sound," "The previous homeowner said that it haunted. But don't worry i don't believe them. Just stay out of trouble okay?"

"Ok mama"

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Chapter 2 by Spirit

"Alright, I guess we have no choice." I heard a hint of dread laced through his usually strong voice. I knew that he was worried about me, even though he tried to

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hide it.

Kris walked forward and opened the door for me in a polite manner, although I knew that she just wanted to get this over with. She also felt the heavy sheet of qualm that had made it's home in the area around this room. The area around this door. A cold, uncanny draft of cold air snaked out of the room as she opened it. For a moment I swear I saw something standing in the corner of the dark, abandoned room.

"Last chance to turn around." Kris drawled as she stared me down. She knew that I was scared, and she was taking advantage of it as well. However, she wasn't always like this. Just on sleep overs, maybe she got high on the mood, I didn't really know.

"No, I'm up for it. It's just an old room, it can't hurt me." I sighed, staring through the darkness, my eyes petrified on the spot that I thought I saw someone, or something standing. The words 'It's okay, it's just a dark room' trailed through my mind repeatedly. However, there was a more . . . primal instinct at play here.

With that, I made the worst decision of my entire life. I remembered it so clearly. I remembered walking into the room. I remembered turning around and watching them close the door, ever so slowly. I remembered the soft, 'Click!' of the door latching itself closed.

I remembered the cold, unnatural feeling of it's hands against my back as my blood ran as cold as honey running down the cold face of a rotting corpse.

Chapter 3 by rhetoricalWriter



I ran toward the door, as I began to feel blood draining away from my body. I screamed, but I couldn't explain the urgency.

"HELP! THERE'S A BODY!" I banged up against the door.

"Besides yours?" Kris laughed. Her laughter was quickly cut off by the roar from the body. It sounded as though it hadn't spoken in ages, which it must have not, being DEAD AND ALL!

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something came through all of the holes in the corpse's face, and it engulfed me. I screamed. I heard something, but I couldn't tell what it was.

"Rachel, Fred, run!" I tried to give them the message, but as soon as it came out of my mouth, I felt my own words disappear into nothing. I tried to open my eyes, and when I finally did, I saw me, Fred, and Kris, walking back to my room.

For a moment I was confused, but then I saw myself turn back at me. Somehow he knew where I was. He grinned.

It was in that moment that I understood my mother's warning.

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